Revenge, Pain, and Hard Choices: Renée, Barbara, Harley, and the Batman

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by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Barbara goes to meet a client in a "dangerous" part of Gotham and is kidnapped by two goons. She later finds herself in a warehouse confronted by none other than the jester herself, the one and only Harley Quinn, formerly known as Harleen Quinzel. While the latter aims to break her down in whatever way possible, to get back at her for beginning a romantic relationship with her ex, Renée, Barbara tries to resist the bet she can. Will she be successful or will Harley win out? You'll have to read to find out what goes down between them both...

Notes

Happy May 2nd! I am cross-posting this from another fanfic site for the first time here. Hope you all enjoy this fic, which was only exclusive to another site, but now is on here for your reading pleasure. It has been cross-posted on Squidge World.

This fic continues where my story "Beyond the Court Jester: Renée and Barbara's Blossoming Love" (as it is called on Squidge World) left off (the original non-revised version of that fic is listed in the inspirations). This fic goes in a much darker direction, while being inspired by articles such as "Batman: Caped Crusader Changes a Major Batman Ally For the Best" (proposing the idea that Barbara should be mayor of Gotham in season 2), "The Women Shine in 'Batman: Caped Crusader'" (by Alex Jaffe), and "Batman: Caped Crusader Tests How Far You Can Bend A Character Before They Break" (by Alex Zalben), plus the page for Harley on the Cape Crusader fandom site.

This fic was partially inspired by the fic "Baby Princesses" by ForbiddenArchive (listed in inspirations), although not completely, because that is a fic with mental regression, ABDL (Adult Baby Diaper Lovers), diaper use, soiling, and mind control, and it involves characters from a certain anime which I tend to like (Love After World Domination). None of that happens in this fic at all.

When a certain site was down due to a network/server error, on April 1st (restored the next day), I decided to work on this fic, expanding it to 2,690 words, constituting the first draft. The next day, I added a summary and more, expanding it to the previous word count of 2,816 words. It was revised again when posted on here.

As always, comments, and constructive criticism, are welcome and appreciated.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Beyond the Court Jester: Renée and Barbara's New Love? by lefemmerouge2
- Inspired by Baby Princesses by ForbiddenArchive

Barbara had gone to meet a client in a place of Gotham that some people would call dangerous. She had her gun with her, as Renée had insisted on, strapped to her belt for protection. As soon as she was about to get back into her car, two people put a bag over her head, and dragged her into another vehicle. She struggled, but they sprayed some sort of substance on her, causing her to become unconscious. They left her gun, and her belt, inside her automobile. Goons drove her to a warehouse. They picked her up and violently threw her onto the floor. Someone started walking toward Barbara's body on the floor. "We got *her*, boss," one goon said. She handed each one a stack of cash. "Here's your cut." As their car drove away, the clown smiled. She had many ideas in store for this woman, especially after she learned that she and her ex, Renée, were now dating. She wanted to get back at her for beginning a relationship with her ex.

When Barbara opened her eyes again, she was in a straight jacket, and tied to a chair. "Who are you and why am I here?" She asked. A woman stepped out of the dark and into the light. It was none other than Harley Quinn, the former court psychiatrist who had been well-meaning but had gone completely off the deep end. She wore a skintight yellow and dark green jester outfit, complete with ruffles on her wrists and neck, jester makeup, and cap n' bells. Her white eyes were shining through. She looked like a true harlequin. No one but her knew the real reason for all of this: some of her former clients, wealthy people within Gotham, had confessed terrible things, and she had to keep it all in. She had been saddled with their problems. She touched Barbara's chin with her finger and smiled menacingly, all while holding her hammer behind her. She wanted to scare Barbara. But this did not work. She wouldn't be intimidated.

"Now, I heard through the grapevine that you are dating my old flame, Renée. *Is that true*? You know that kind of thing is not popular with everyone in this city." Barbara shrugged. She had nothing to lose by admitting it. "Sure, yes, I am. You were awful to her, you know." That made Harley angrier. She couldn't stand it. She cackled. "So you like women, do you now? Is someone *like me* your type?" she teased. Barbara wouldn't fall for this. She shook her head. She'd stand strong against her. "Yes, I am attracted to women. Even so, that doesn't mean I am attracted to every single woman I meet. That's *not* how it works." Harley planned to use her psychiatry skills to take this woman down.

"Well now, I *could* tell your father that you are dating Renée. That wouldn't sit too well with him or the boys on the force." Barbara scoffed. She couldn't be serious. "They *already know*. And my dad, well, he is *very supportive*, saying I can love whoever I want. It's only *my business* who I want to be in a relationship with." Harley was annoyed. This woman was beating her attempts at every turn. She snarled. She knew as much as anyone that Barbara operated by the book and didn't like violence. It probably would have ticked her off even more if she learned of Barbara's sort-of alliance with Batman. She grabbed Barbara's red hair and pulled it toward her. She couldn't stand how successful this woman was.

"You and your damn sense of justice. I guess that you and your father don't always agree...is that right?" Barbara nodded. She still loved and respected her dad, the police commissioner, all the same. She was even willing to bend the law if it was for the right reasons. Her strong will, ability to easily fight, and her intelligence had allowed her to advance in the world.

Harley was jealous of that success. She wanted to squash it, somehow. She'd figure out a way. She let go of Barbara's hair. She knew that like herself, Barbara had certainly faced a mix of sexism and racism. Her voice wasn't chirpy like it was when she had been with Renée. Instead, she tried to figure out how to manipulate Barbara, who had been her friend when she's worked as a court psychiatrist. She had saved Barbara from an explosion. She even reluctantly saved Batman. Now was different. She wanted to take her down since this woman was with "*her*" girl.

"So, are you a *daddy's girl*? Are you looking for daddy's approval?" Harley asked, trying yet another tact. Thanks to the fact that she was highly intelligent, especially when it came to people's mental health and their psychology, she had learned how best to manipulate those with mental illness. Obviously, Barbara wasn't one of those people. But, she hoped to break her, as she had with rich men, and bring out her "true personality." And if need be, she could do so through sadistic means, turning someone into their "true nature." Perhaps she really was corrupt and cruel to her core. "That's not who I am, *Harleen*." Hearing that name again made her cringe. She would make her pay for using that name.

"Oh, Barbara. I'm not called that *anymore*. My name is Harley, *Harley Quinn*." She slapped Barbara across the face, nearly putting a welt on her cheek. She looked at Harley with shock. She hadn't expected that. "What did you do that for?" she said, with fury in her voice. Had she now fully become a "dominatrix" as some had claimed? She hoped there was still some good left in her, despite what she had seen. Harley still wanted to cut her down to size, as to say. In a certain way, she was sadomasochistic. She loved seeing people in pain. She smiled, with a grin across her face. Barbara didn't like where this was going. Harley took off her straitjacket and helped her up. Maybe Barbara had been wrong about her.

She would soon realize that this wasn't over. Harley smacked her on the ass repeatedly. She wouldn't give up. "Say my name! It's *Harley*, not Harleen!" Barbara got the message. She gave in this time. "Fine. I'll call you Harley. Are you happy *now*?" She was satisfied. Even so, she wanted to keep going. Barbara winced from the pain. Harley wanted to see her suffer. She had yet another way to manipulate her, since she now knew that Barbara was attracted to women. She nearly laughed. "Yes, I'm happy now. I'm my true self. As for you...you are *a daddy's girl*." Barbara knew that wasn't true. She didn't like being described that way. She had to stop her from saying that. "That's not accurate, Harley, at all. Stop calling me that."

Now she had her where she wanted her. She turned her head from side to side. "You are so smart, attractive, and talented...It isn't right for *a daddy's girl* to be with *my* woman." Now, Barbara didn't like how she was saying that. Not one bit. She stamped her foot down as she looked Harley in the eyes. "Renée *is her own person*. You don't own her! She can make her own decisions." She paused. "And she chose to be with *me*. I'm sorry you don't like that, but not everything in this world will always go your way." While this seemed like a logical thing to say, Harley wouldn't put up with it. She would get what she wanted in the end. Rather than smacking her on the ass, she had another method, something that would get her down to the level she wanted, something that would break this woman down. She didn't have any ropes to untie. Barbara got the impression that Harley was willing to let her leave unscathed.

This impression was faulty, as she'd soon learn. Harley pulled out a massive gun from somewhere. It almost looked cartoonish, like something you'd see at a circus. She had never

tested it out before, but she thought (and hoped) it would work. She pulled the trigger and fired. Barbara coughed through the smoke. When it cleared, she was wearing a little girl's dress. She couldn't be more horrified. Harley laughed heartily. "You look *so cute* like that. Just give into me. You know you want to." She refused to do that. Like before, she slapped Barbara on the ass, so hard that she nearly got a bruise. "Come on, be *a daddy's girl* for me." She had researched into this kind of role-play and she saw her role not in a sexual way, but in a controlling way instead, hoping to activate a sort of fetish. She even thought that this woman might find comfort in it, be able to express her childish feelings, and relinquish her responsibility to her.

Unlike others who did this, she didn't care to teach, care for, or comfort her. She wanted to cause pain and discomfort, to see her suffer for her entertainment. She wanted to break her in more ways than one. Barbara was doing her best to hold on and resist. She wouldn't give in, no matter how much the hitting continued, which had morphed into spanking for her being "disobedient." Nor did Harley care about trust or stability. She loved to tear her down, to get back at her for beginning a relationship with Renée. "You *aren't worthy* of her, Barbara," she began. She had a devious smile. "I'll let you go if you do a little twirl from me in your dress." For a split second, Barbara considered it, then she shot that idea down. She couldn't be giving into this woman. She would not. Harley came closer to her. "You don't want to be a *bad girl*, do you?" Barbara wasn't sure what she thought of that claim. But, she knew it was wrong. She wouldn't accept it.

She was unsure of how to get out of this situation. Did she *have to* comply? Or could she keep resisting? She didn't know. She was in a very vulnerable state. Harley tried another tactic. She giggled and put a hand on her cheek. "You aren't going to be naughty, are you? You'll get hurt if you do that. Just let me handle *everything*." Trying to sound tough, she declared, "Get me out of these damn clothes. *I won't* be falling for any of your damn games." She didn't want to admit it, but her resolve was weakening. She wasn't sure what was going on with her. Was she accepting this woman's attempts at controlling her mind? Was Harley doing something to *her*? That couldn't be possible, *right*?

The longer she looked at her, the less able she was able to think clearly. "It's okaaay. It's okaaaaay...," Harley said. Her voice started to echo through her mind. It was less harsh than it had been even a few minutes earlier. She almost felt like her thoughts were being swallowed. The dominatrix-of-sorts, cooed her, trying to make her lower her defenses. This was all part of her plan. "I'll keep you all nice and healthy, I promise. Just relaaaaax, Barbie..." She could feel the pressure exerted on her mind, as it became more foggy. She couldn't tell where it was all coming from. She wondered if it was all in her mind. As Harley put laid her hands on her, Barbara muttered, "Don't...touch me...please."

Before Harley had a chance to push her further, a massive explosion rocked the warehouse, sending shockwaves across the ground. It surprised both of them. She soon found herself thrown across the ground. Two people entered. One was wearing a black, aerodynamic costume, and the other sported a light-brown jacket, covering a white shirt, with a pink necktie, and matching skirt. Her clothes fit her curvy body perfectly. Her gun was drawn. Her brown hair shined from the dim outside light. With her pink lipstick shining brightly and black high heels clacking, Barbara knew who it was. It was none other than Batman and

Renée. She was so glad to see them, but especially Renée. She couldn't be more grateful they were there. She'd been saved.

Renée was unsure what to make of Barbara in this little girl's dress, but she soon knew what to do. Her girlfriend shouted, "pick up that gun! This *damn jester* used it on me!" Harley attempted to stop her. Batman used his weapons to bind her arms together, making her growl. She was so angry this had happened. She'd *almost* won, at least she had thought. Perhaps she had. It was hard to know. Could she have completely submerged her in the warmth of her faux love? I was hard to know. She had no attempt to infantilize her. Rather, she only wanted to break her down as she did with everyone else she had "treated." Pressing the "reverse" button on the special gun, Renée hoped this would work.

When she did so, she carefully aimed it at the woman she loved. With a huge cloud of smoke, Harley thought she'd get away. Instead, she found herself barely holding her own against Batman. How was this even possible? When the smoke cleared, Barbara was back in her usual outfit. Renée came close and hugged her. She held her tightly. "I'm so happy *you are safe*," she whispered in her ear. This infuriated Harley even more. She couldn't believe herself. Her plan was falling apart at the seams. After she handed Barbara her pistol, she, Batman, and her girlfriend cornered Harley. She put up her hands in a sort of surrender. As she did so, she pressed a button on her hat. It activated a signal that her goons could track, telling them to prepare themselves for rescuing her. "Fine, *you've got me*." She let Renée put cuffs around her hands. When she brought her outside, a set of squad cars were ready. Batman disappeared, slinking off somehow. No one knew where he went. From a secure place atop the warehouse, he watched it all unfold through his special goggles, far enough away than none of them could track him, or learn he was ever there.

As Harley was moved into the awaiting cop car, she yelled as loud as she could, so everyone would hear, "I'll get you Barbara Gordon, if it's the last thing I do!" The cops violently shoved her into the car and drove off. While Barbara didn't like this behavior from the cops, she was glad to be out of this terrifying situation. She and Renée walked back to the car, hand in hand. As they left the neighborhood, they all hoped it was over, at least for now. At the same time, both of them knew it wasn't, and wouldn't be, as long as Harley was still alive and had it out for Barbara. They drove back to the city center of Gotham, where they both lived. Harley had been stopped, but the threat had not disappeared.

After she was booked in the police station, she was placed into a police van with other prisoners traveling en route to Arkham Asylum. Since she had already been convicted before, and had escaped, they didn't need to try her again in the court system. Suddenly, the van stopped. The drivers were ready for whatever came their way, but nothing could stop the goons. They were quickly knocked out, then dragged out of the vehicle. The back of the van opened. All the chains were broken. As people were beginning to flee, she caught some of their eyes. "Do you want want to work for me? I'll *make sure* you will have what you need to get your revenge." The prisoners followed her lead. How could they not?

With new footsoldiers at her disposal, she was ready to confront any challenge that came her way. She wouldn't let that wretched Batman stop her again. She'd get back at him, Barbara, and even Renée. They'd all pay for what they'd done. She'd make sure of it. She's humiliate them all so much that they'd *never dare* cross her again. She just had to come up with a

foolproof plan that none of them could foil. She would be stronger this time. She'd discipline each one of them to follow her rules, teaching them what it meant to submit. She'd make them give up themselves, impact their brains psychologically with name calling, insults, scolding, and objectification. Lastly, she'd make them appreciate her. Maybe she'd even hurt Barbara in an effort to devastate her ex, so that she wouldn't know what she would do with herself. Whatever she decided to do, she was confident that they wouldn't be ready for her... not this time...

End Notes

This fic was originally published on CFAA. When posting it here, I am eschewing the tag "+Modern Age (1986-Present)". I am posting it here as I feel it will get a bigger audience than CFAA, where it garnered only 12 hits and 1 kudo.

Pages on Kinkly for mascochist ("A masochist is an individual who takes pleasure in the experience of physical or emotional pain"), sadist ("Sadism describes the experience of taking pleasure in inflicting pain, humiliation, degradation, cruelty, or watching others inflict these behaviors on someone else"), sadomasochism ("refers to the combination of sadism (inflicting pain) and masochism (receiving pain) to derive pleasure and sexual gratification. It can include the infliction of or submitting to physical or emotional pain"), plus two sections of an article entitled "Discovering Your FemDom Persona" by Mistress Kay, a page on discipline, and a pages on erotic humiliation, and age play. However, there isn't that much spanking in this fic and not really anything about a submissive uniform, as the little girl's outfit which Barbara wears isn't really a "submissive uniform."

Update: When originally posted this fic was rated as Teen and Up, which was not what I intended, but I did not realize my error until later and changed it to the appropriate rating. I'm sorry for the error. The current rating on this fic is the one I intended from the beginning. Thanks to everyone for reading

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!